The New Humours of Bartholemew Fair.

THE merry time arriving,
To Smithfield how they're driving,
And every one is ſtriving
To ſee the Lord Mayor's coach;
And when he does get there,
He will proclaim the fair,
'Midſt mirth and paſtime there,
To welcome his approach.

The lads and laſſes fine, ſir,
On ſauſages will dine, ſir,
The reliſh is divine, ſir,
There's nothing beats the fair;
Whilſt drums and trumpets ſound,
There's muſic all around,
Such mirth and paſtime found,
Tis pleaſant to be there.

The children toys are eyeing,
And anxious are for buying,
Jack to his father crying,
Daddy, buy me a drum;
Likewiſe poor little Poll,
Keeps teaſing for a doll,
The ſight it is ſo droll,
You here for mirth muſt come.

To Jonas then they go, ſir,
Likewiſe to Flockton's ſhow, ſir,
And Lane's, whom we all know, ſir,
To view his ſlight of hand;
The lion, porcupine,
Likewiſe the learned ſwine,
With elephants ſo fine,
And dogs who underſtand.

And Saunders he is there, ſir,
The beſt ſhow in the fair, ſir,
He's clever, I declare, ſir,
When dancing on the wire;
To the alehouſe ſome repair,
To drink away all care,
Dancing and fiddling there,
As long as you require.

With ſmoking, joking, ſinging,
The waiters ſhort mugs bringing,
And ſome are hand-bells ringing,
And thus doth end the day;
When twelve o'clock doth come,
They muſt retire home,
Unleſs they chuſe to roam,
They go ſinging all the way.